

MARVEL

3

COSTA
BAGLEY
LIM
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HANNA
ALMARA

VENOM

FIRST HOST



YEARS AGO, A CHANCE ENCOUNTER LED TO DISGRACED REPORTER EDDIE BROCK BONDING WITH AN AGGRESSIVE ALIEN ORGANISM KNOWN AS A SYMBIOTE. UNITED BY THEIR SIMILAR NEED FOR JUSTICE IN THE FORM OF VENGEANCE, AND GIFTED WITH POWERS SIMILAR TO THOSE OF SPIDER-MAN (ALONG WITH UNIQUE ABILITIES), THE TWO FIGHT CRIME AS THE WICKED WEB-SLINGER VENOM. BUT BEFORE THERE WAS VENOM, THERE WAS...

VENOM

FIRST HOST



THE VENOM SYMBIOTE HAS RECENTLY SPAWNED, AND, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF LIZ ALLAN, ALCHEMAX HAS BEEN CHARGED WITH THE PROTECTION OF ITS ALIEN OFFSPRING UNTIL VENOM FEELS IT IS READY FOR THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

AMBUSHED BY A SKRULL WARBRIDE CALLED M'LANZ, VENOM WAS ABLE TO FEND HER OFF WITH THE HELP OF A KREE WARRIOR, TEL-KAR, WHO CLAIMED TO BE THE SYMBIOTE'S FIRST HOST!

THEIR REUNION WAS CUT SHORT WHEN, ANGERED BY THE SYMBIOTE'S REFUSAL TO RETURN TO HIM, TEL-KAR KIDNAPPED THE SYMBIOTE OFFSPRING! WITH NO OTHER CHOICE, THE SYMBIOTE LEFT WITH TEL-KAR, ABANDONING EDDIE AND THEIR SCARED PROGENY IN THE PROCESS.

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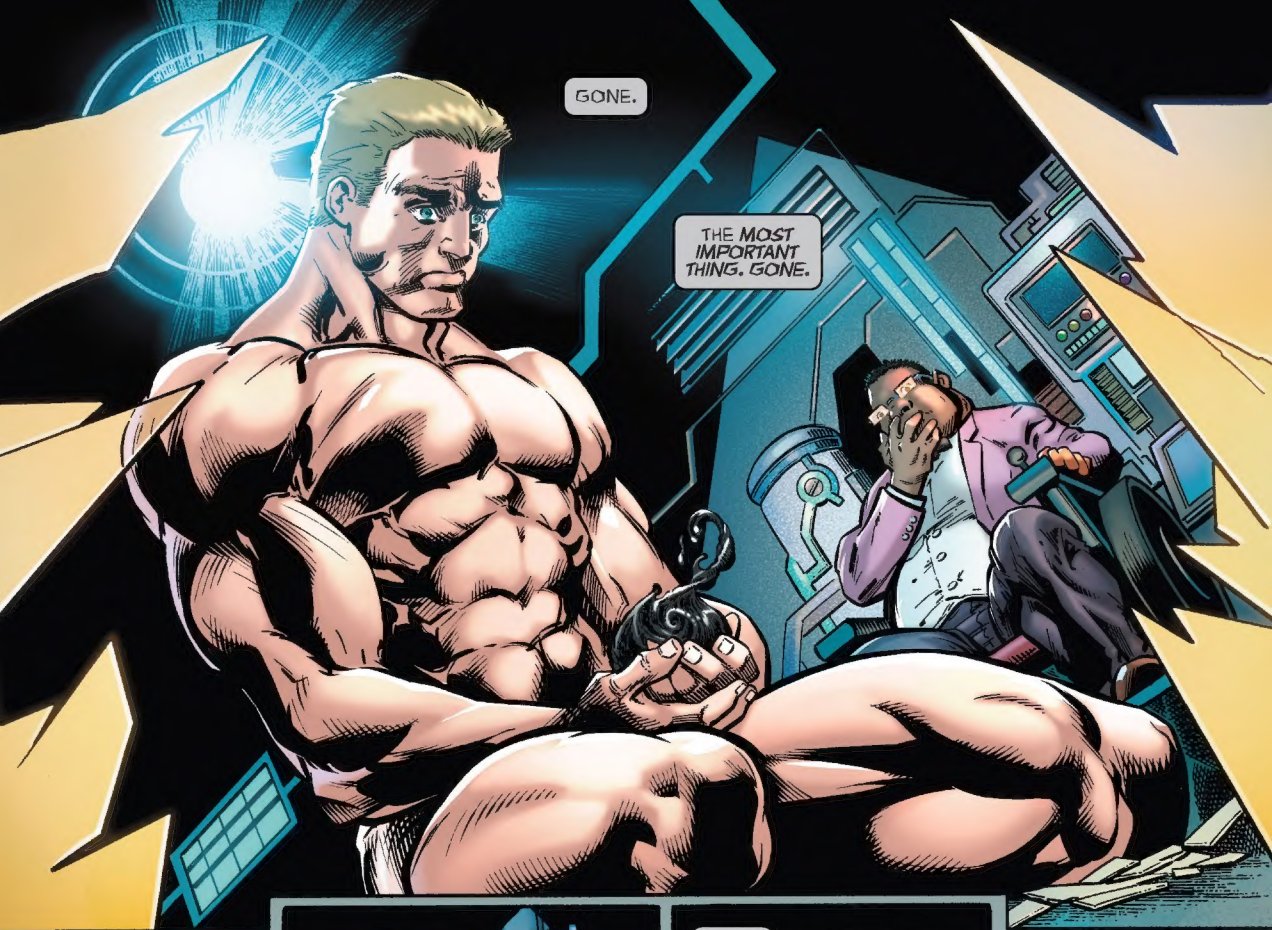
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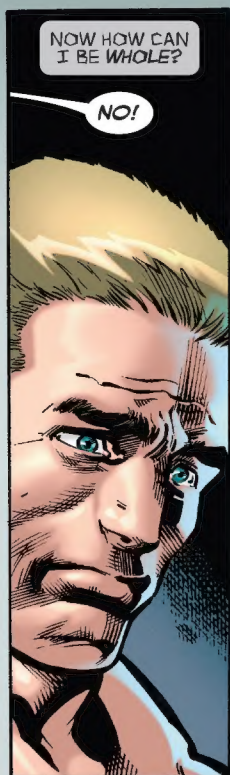
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GONE.

THE MOST
IMPORTANT
THING. GONE.



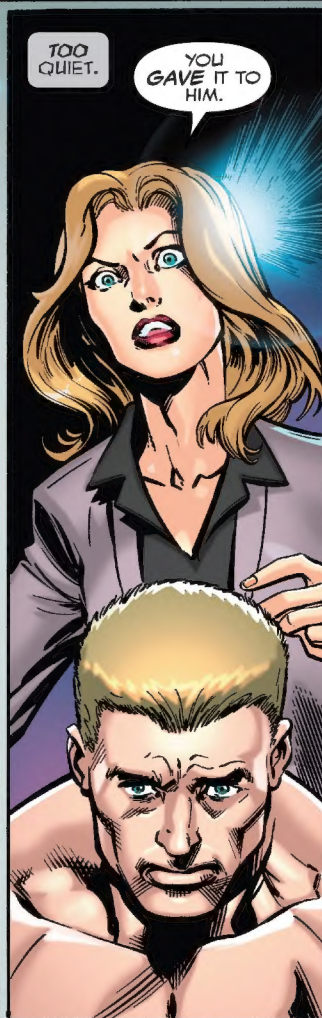
NOW HOW CAN
I BE WHOLE?

NO!



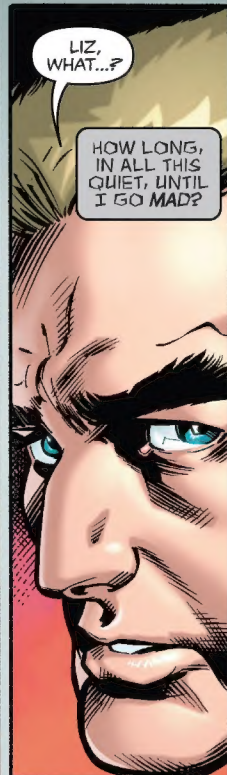
WHO WILL
UNDERSTAND
ME? SPEAK TO
ME IN THE QUIET
OF MY MIND?

AM
I TOO
LATE?



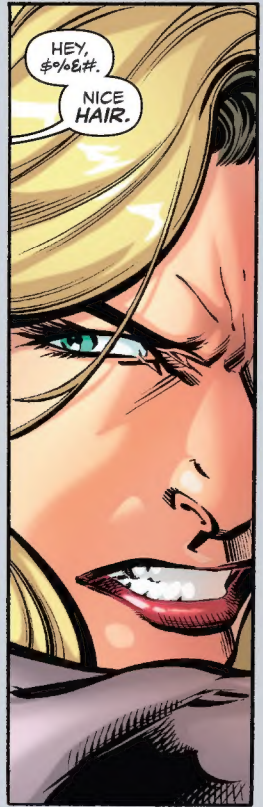
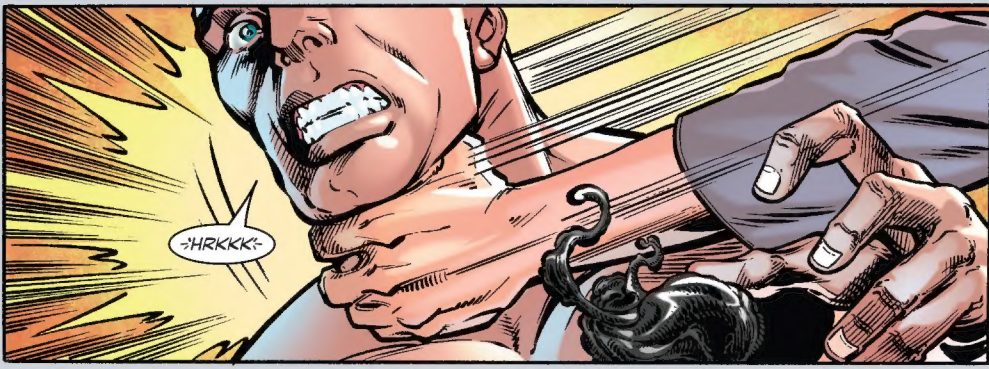
TOO
QUIET.

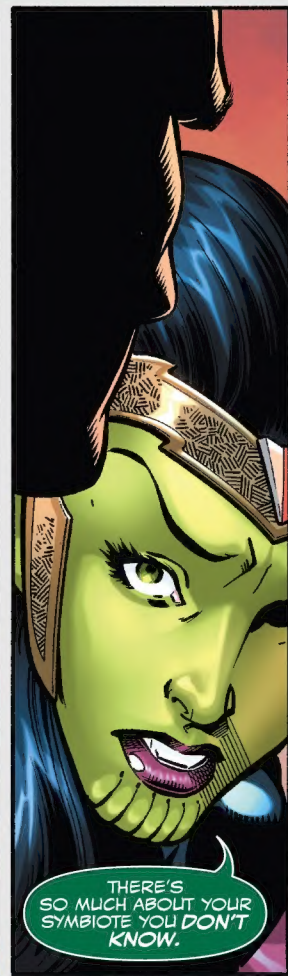
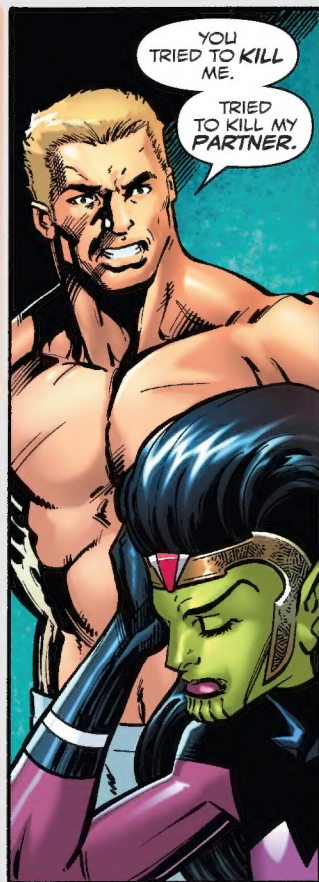
YOU
GAVE IT TO
HIM.



LIZ,
WHAT...?

HOW LONG,
IN ALL THIS
QUIET, UNTIL
I GO MAD?





"TEL-KAR WAS ONE OF THE GREAT TERRORS OF THE GLORIOUS WAR."

"AMONG HIS MANY CRIMES, ARMED WITH YOUR SYMBIOTE, HE INFILTRATED THE SKRULL RANKS FOR MONTHS."

"HE SABOTAGED MISSIONS, UNCOVERED CLASSIFIED INTELLIGENCE, PERFORMED ASSASSINATIONS."



"WE'LL NEVER KNOW HOW BADLY HE COMPROMISED OUR WAR EFFORT."

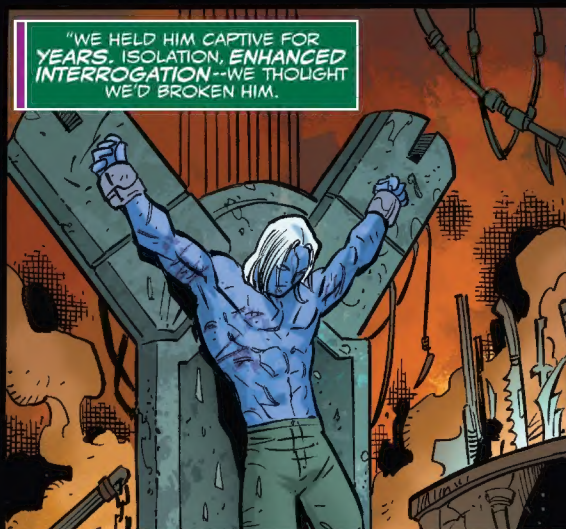
"HE FINALLY REVEALED HIMSELF IN ORDER TO SAVE SOME KREE REFUGEES."



"OBVIOUSLY HE'D INTENDED TO DIE HELPING THEM ESCAPE, BUT MY WAR SISTERS AND I TOOK HIM ALIVE BEFORE HE COULD DESTROY THE SHIP."



"WE HELD HIM CAPTIVE FOR YEARS. ISOLATION, **ENHANCED INTERROGATION**—WE THOUGHT WE'D BROKEN HIM.



"...BUT HE WAS ONLY LYING IN WAIT.

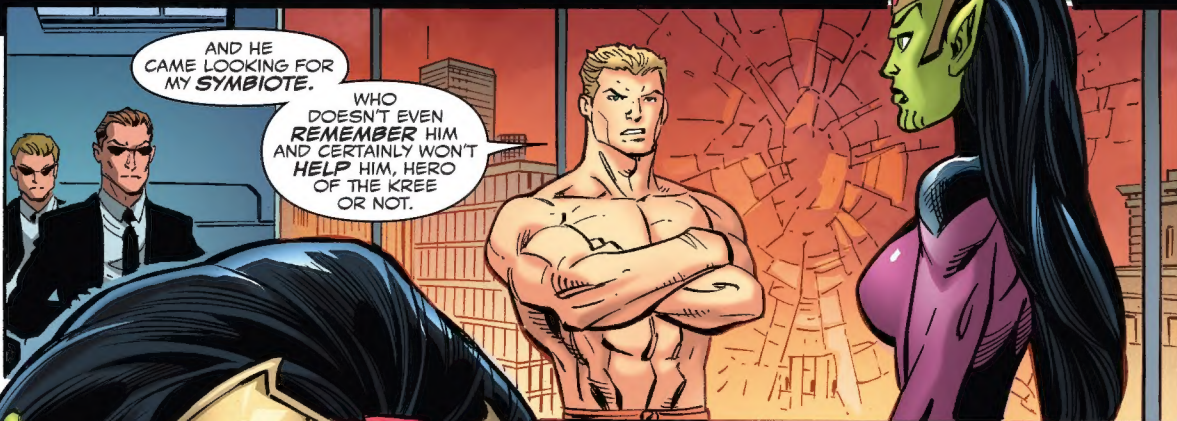
"EVENTUALLY, THE SECURITY PROTOCOLS ON HIM WERE LESSENED, AND HE **STRUCK**. KILLED TWO OF MY SISTERS IN HIS ESCAPE."



"WE LEARNED ALL WE COULD ABOUT HIS INFILTRATION. OF THE EXPERIMENTS TEL-KAR HAD BEEN SUBJECTED TO TO MAKE HIM A MORE **PERFECT** HOST FOR THE SYMBIOTE AND HOW WE MIGHT PREVENT ANOTHER FROM INFILTRATING OUR RANKS WITH SUCH EASE. WE THOUGHT HE'D TOLD US EVERYTHING...

AND HE CAME LOOKING FOR MY SYMBIOTE.

WHO DOESN'T EVEN REMEMBER HIM AND CERTAINLY WON'T HELP HIM, HERO OF THE KREE OR NOT.



"YOUR" SYMBIOTE DOESN'T REMEMBER BECAUSE TEL-KAR DIDN'T WANT IT TO.

WHEN HE SEPARATED HIMSELF FROM IT, HE HID INFORMATION IN IT, SECRETING IT AWAY SO WE COULD NEVER TORTURE IT OUT OF HIM.

BUT THE SECRETS HE KEPT WERE NOT JUST OF THE KREE, BUT MY PEOPLE AS WELL. KNOWLEDGE OF SECRET SKRULL WEAPONS OF LAST RESORT HE'D ACQUIRED DURING HIS TIME AMONG OUR RANKS...

...INCLUDING A PLAGUE THAT THE THRONE, IN ITS GREAT AND COMPASSIONATE WISDOM, SAW FIT NEVER TO RELEASE.

A PLAGUE HE SWORE THAT, WERE HE EVER TO ESCAPE, HE WOULD LOOSE ON US.

SO NOW, BECAUSE I HAVE FAILED, ALL OF MY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CONSIGED TO DEATH.



ROOSEVELT ISLAND.

...GONNA
GET US KILLED,
MAN!

BUT IT'S
SO COOL!
WHO DO YOU THINK
IT BELONGS TO?
GALACTUS?

MAN, ARE YOU
CRAZY?

I THOUGHT
YOU GREW UP IN
THIS CITY, DUDE. HOW
DO YOU NOT KNOW
TO STAY AWAY FROM
SPACESHIPS?

WHO KNOWS
WHAT KIND OF
KILLER MONSTERS
ARE GONNA COME
RUNNING OUT
OF THAT?

HE'S
RIGHT, YOUNG
ONE.

WHAT
THE--?

THAT'S A
SKRULL CRAFT,
AND THE SKRULLS
BRING DEATH
WITH THEM.

AND NOW,
FINALLY, I CAN
BRING IT BACK
TO THEM.



SHIP?!

WE AGREED TO
HELP SAVE OUR
OFFSPRING.

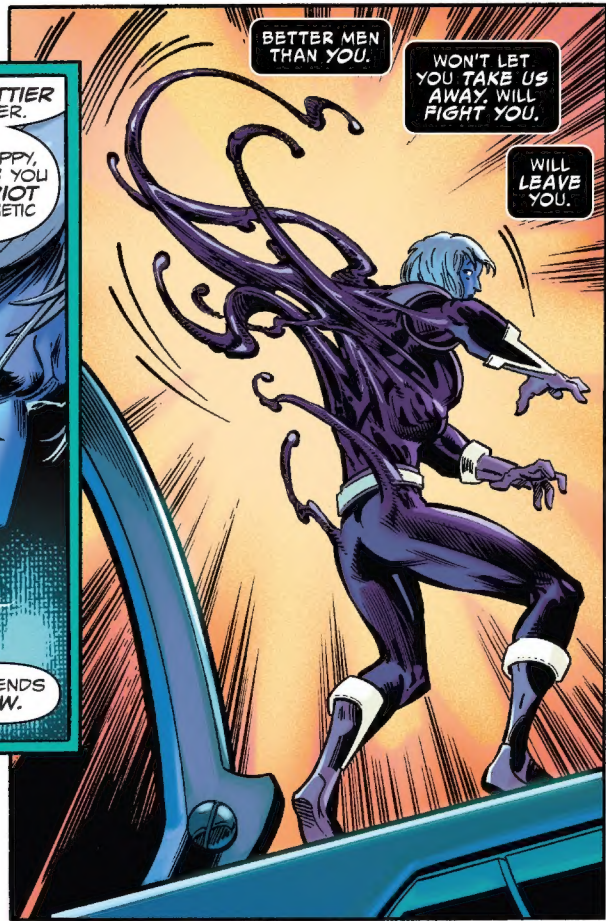
BUT WE WILL
NOT LEAVE
FOR SPACE!



YOU'RE MUCH CHATTIER
THAN I REMEMBER.

I CAN ONLY
IMAGINE THE SLOPPY,
UNTRAINED HOSTS YOU
MUST HAVE RUN RIOT
OVER ON THIS PATHETIC
WORLD.

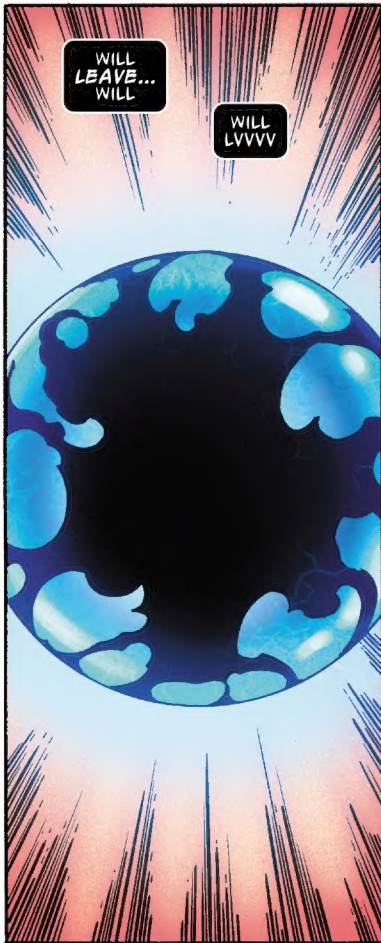
THAT ENDS
NOW.



BETTER MEN
THAN YOU.

WON'T LET
YOU TAKE US
AWAY. WILL
FIGHT YOU.

WILL
LEAVE
YOU.



WILL
LEAVE...
WILL

WILL
LVVVV



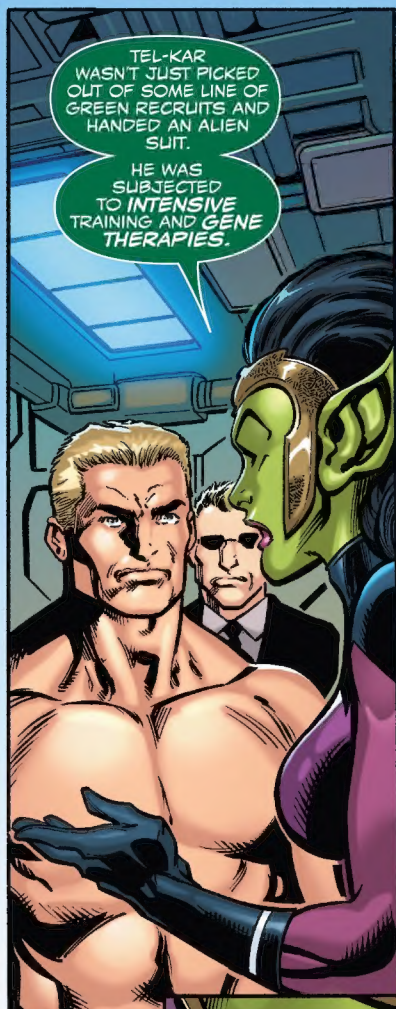
WILL
LLLL
LL



NO.
YOU
WON'T.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.



TEL-KAR WASN'T JUST PICKED OUT OF SOME LINE OF GREEN RECRUITS AND HANDED AN ALIEN SUIT.

HE WAS SUBJECTED TO **INTENSIVE** TRAINING AND **GENE THERAPIES**.



HIS BODY WAS MODIFIED TO MORE FULLY INTEGRATE WITH THE SYMBIOTE, BUT SO WAS HIS MIND.

HE'S BEEN SUBJECTED TO **IMPLANTS** THAT MODIFY HIS BODY CHEMISTRY TO MAKE THE SYMBIOTE **MORE RELIANT** ON HIM, HAD PHYSICAL TRAINING TO MAKE HIMSELF **IMMUNE** TO ITS PSYCHOACTIVE EFFECTS AND PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAINING TO MANIPULATE ITS MEMORY.



THE SYMBIOTE WON'T REMEMBER **ANYTHING** UNLESS HE **WANTS** IT TO.

WAIT...
...THAT MAP...



WHAT MAP?



I MISSED
THIS.

THE FEELING
OF MASS, OF
STRENGTH.



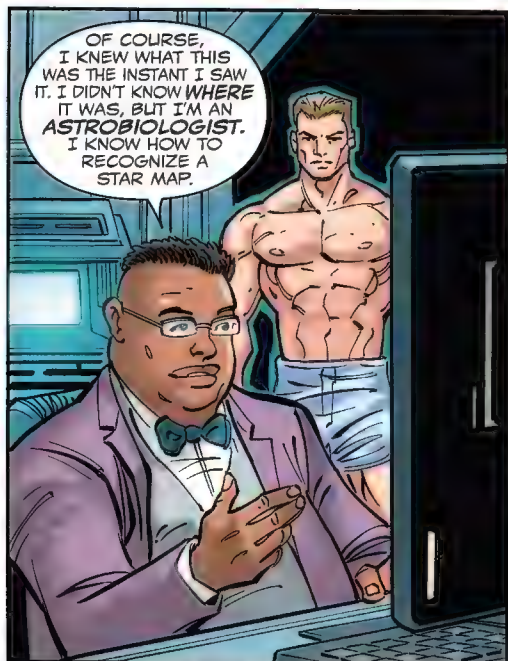
THE SINGLE, SUSTAINED NOTE IN
THE BACK OF MY HEAD, AND THE
SUBTLE, GRACEFUL WAY I CAN
TUNE IT IN AND OUT.



A THOUSAND POINTS OF AWARENESS,
INTEGRATING THEMSELVES INTO THE NAVIGATION.
THE SHIP IS AN **EXTENSION** OF ME.



ME, AT THE CENTER OF
A UNIVERSE THAT BENDS
TO MY EVERY WISH.





AH, GOTCHA. SO, REALLY, IT'S MORE OF A **SKRULL** DOOMSDAY THAN, SAY, A **ME** DOOMSDAY.

YOUR SELF-ABSORPTION IS CHARMING, BUT THERE'S NO REASON THAT, AFTER TEL-KAR TURNS IT ON US, HE COULDN'T COME BACK HERE AND--

I'M GOING.

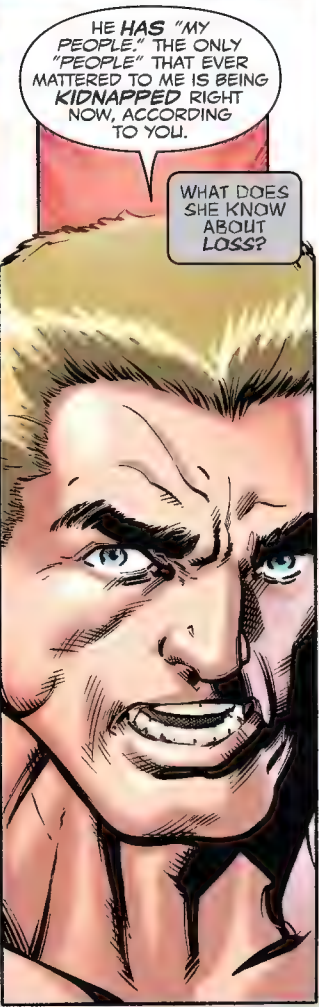
TOO MUCH POINTLESS ARGUING. TOO MUCH WASTED TIME.



GOING WITH ME?

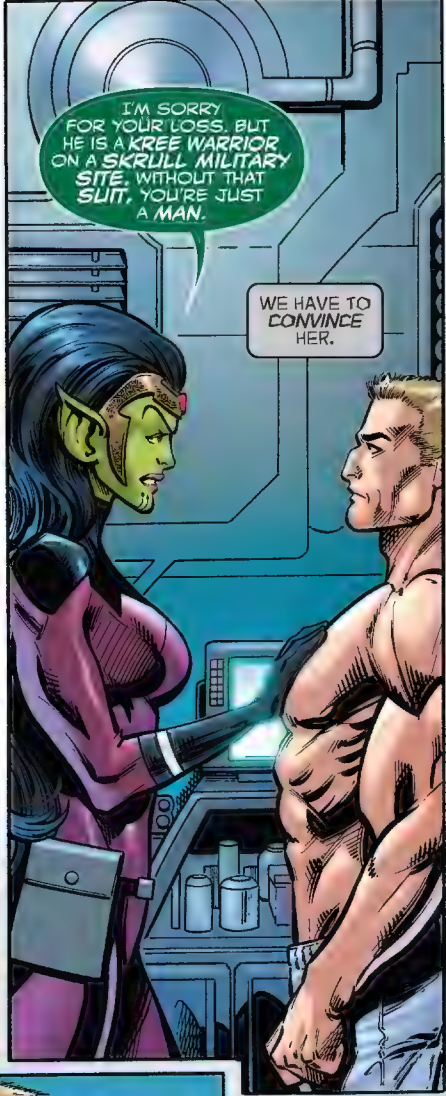
NO, YOU'RE NOT. FORGET WHAT I WAS JUST TELLING YOUR OBESE FRIEND HERE. THIS FIGHT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU OR YOUR PEOPLE.

THIS AWFUL WOMAN. HOW CAN SHE NOT UNDERSTAND?



HE HAS "MY PEOPLE," THE ONLY "PEOPLE" THAT EVER MATTERED TO ME IS BEING KIDNAPPED RIGHT NOW, ACCORDING TO YOU.

WHAT DOES SHE KNOW ABOUT LOSS?



I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS, BUT HE IS A **KREE** WARRIOR ON A **SKRULL** MILITARY SITE. WITHOUT THAT SUIT, YOU'RE JUST A MAN.

WE HAVE TO CONVINCE HER.

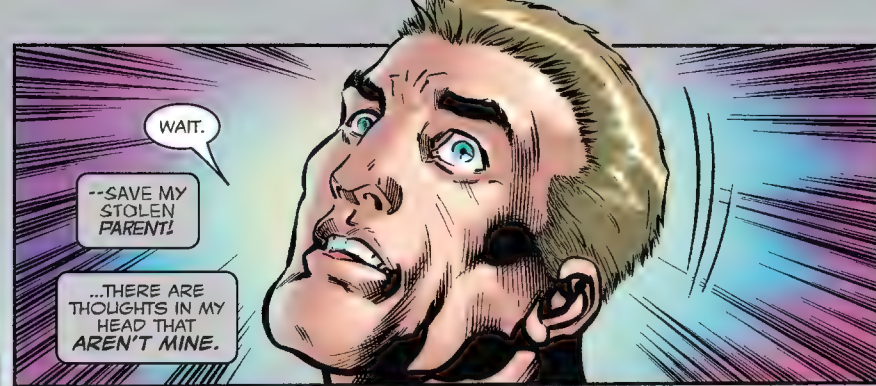


A... MUSCULAR MAN, CERTAINLY, BUT IN SPACE YOU'RE JUST DEAD WEIGHT.

I WON'T TAKE NO--

WE HAVE TO--

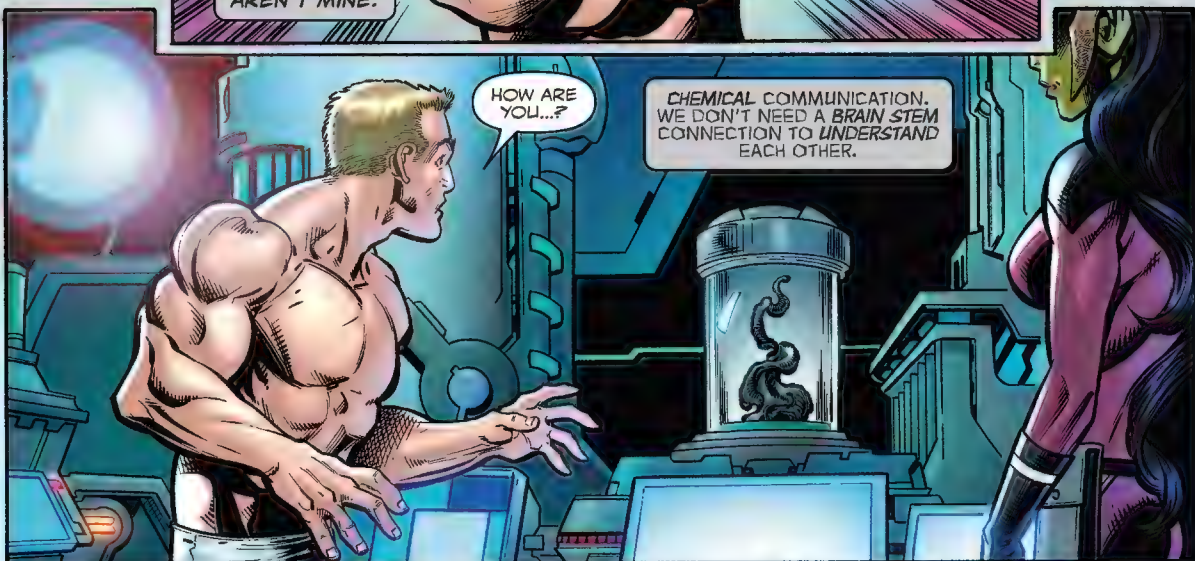
AND THAT'S WHEN I REALIZE...



WAIT.

--SAVE MY
STOLEN
PARENT!

...THERE ARE
THOUGHTS IN MY
HEAD THAT
AREN'T MINE.



HOW ARE
YOU...?

CHEMICAL COMMUNICATION.
WE DON'T NEED A BRAIN STEM
CONNECTION TO UNDERSTAND
EACH OTHER.



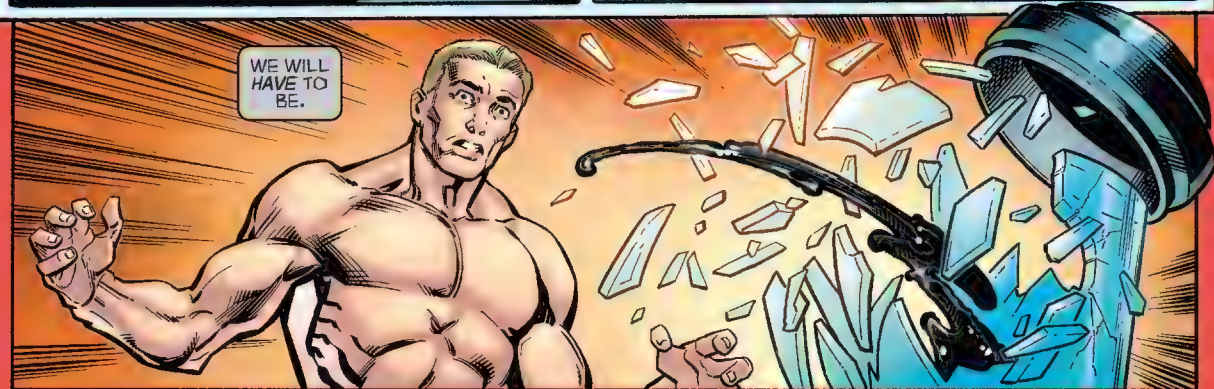
YOU
CAN...DO
THAT?

TOGETHER WE COULD
DO MANY THINGS. WE
COULD SAVE VENOM.

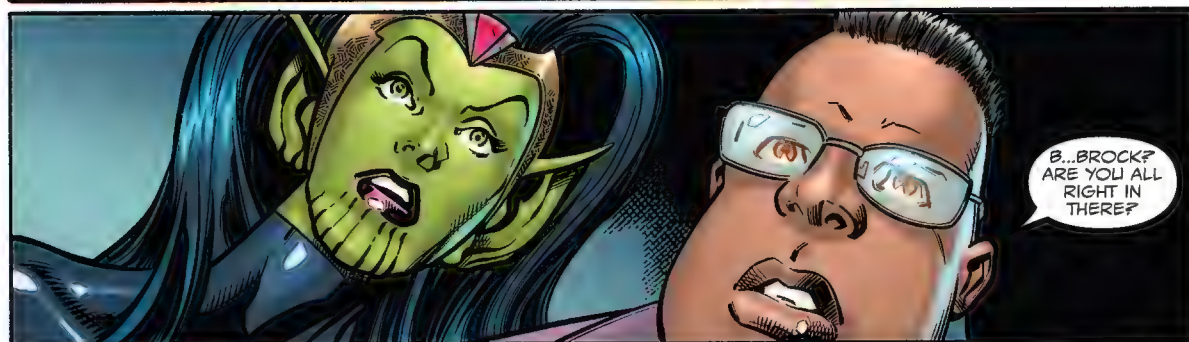


WE
DISCUSSED
THIS. YOU'RE NOT
READY.

BROCK,
ARE YOU...?
IS THIS
SOME SORT OF
EPISODE?

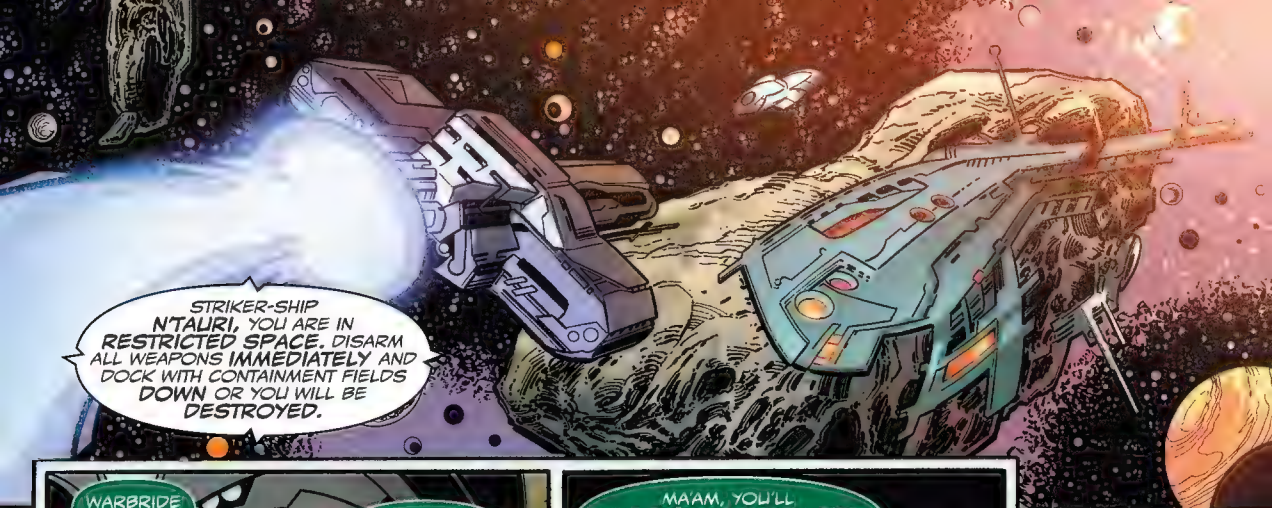


WE WILL
HAVE TO
BE.

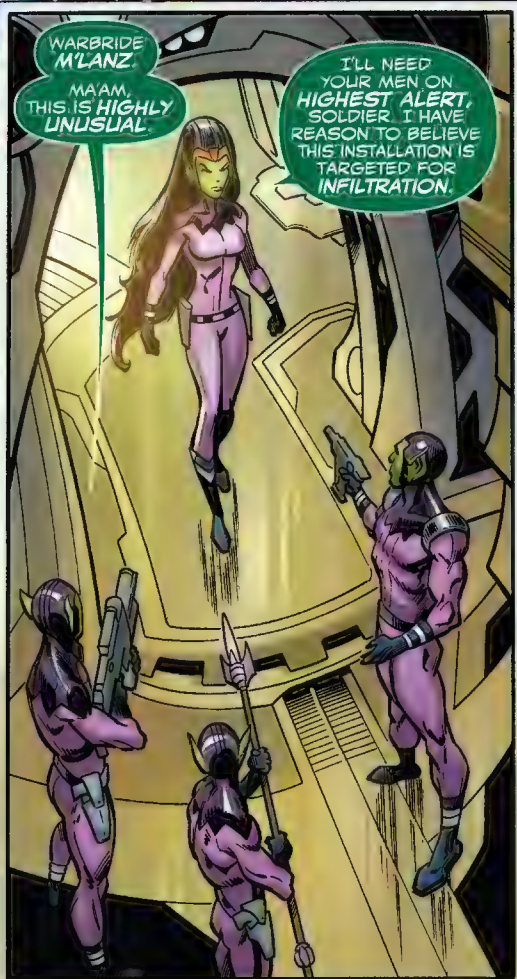








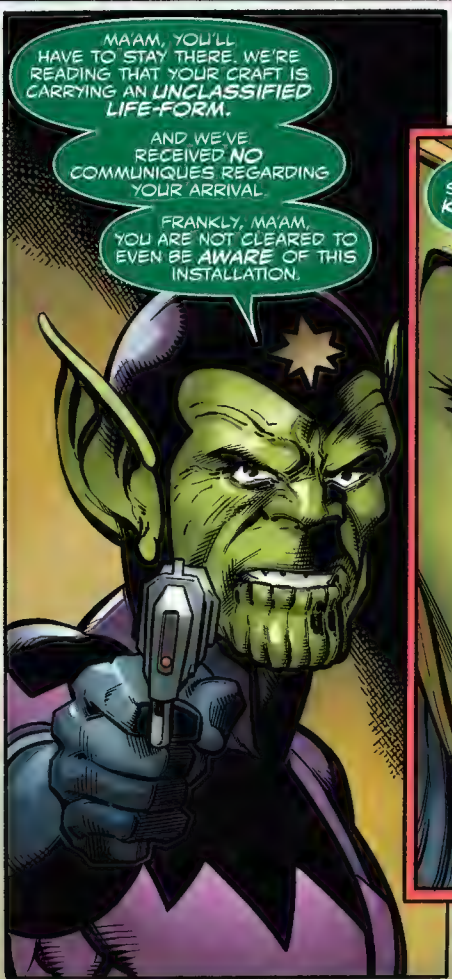
STRIKER-SHIP
N'TAURI, YOU ARE IN
RESTRICTED SPACE. DISARM
ALL WEAPONS IMMEDIATELY AND
DOCK WITH CONTAINMENT FIELDS
DOWN OR YOU WILL BE
DESTROYED.



WARBRIDE
M'LANZ.

MA'AM,
THIS IS HIGHLY
UNUSUAL.

I'LL NEED
YOUR MEN ON
HIGHEST ALERT,
SOLDIER. I HAVE
REASON TO BELIEVE
THIS INSTALLATION IS
TARGETED FOR
INFILTRATION.



MA'AM, YOU'LL
HAVE TO STAY THERE. WE'RE
READING THAT YOUR CRAFT IS
CARRYING AN UNCLASSIFIED
LIFE-FORM.

AND WE'VE
RECEIVED NO
COMMUNIQUE REGARDING
YOUR ARRIVAL.

FRANKLY, MA'AM,
YOU ARE NOT CLEARED TO
EVEN BE AWARE OF THIS
INSTALLATION.



EXCELLENT.
SHE DOESN'T EVEN
KNOW ABOUT THIS
PLACE.

SO
SHE WON'T BE
COMING.



WHAT?



ACK--



DON'T WORRY, CAPTAIN.



I ASSUME
I'LL NEED YOU ALIVE
FOR THE PALM PRINT I.D.,
VOICEPRINT MONITORS AND
EYEBALL SCANNERS IN
THIS INSTALLATION.



YOU'LL FIND
I'M VERY ADEPT
AT POKING AROUND
INSIDE YOUR BRAIN,
GETTING THE
RESPONSES
I WANT.



AFTER
ALL...
...I HAD
ALL THOSE
YEARS IN CAPTIVITY TO
LEARN FROM YOU
SKRULLS.



OKAY, BROCK.
WHAT **OTHER**
TRICKS HAVE YOU
LEARNED?



HOW
COULD YOU
SEE MY
SHIP?

CAN YOU
DISGUISE
YOURSELF, LIKE
THE **OTHER**
SYMBIOTE?

UNCLEAR.

OUR
POWERS ARE STILL
IMMATURE...SEE THINGS
DIFFERENTLY THAN VENOM.
MORE LIKE FEELING
THAN SEEING.

FEEL
DIFFERENT **INSIDE**
TOO. LIKE THERE ARE
DIFFERENT ORGANS
THAT DO DIFFERENT
THINGS NOW.

SUCH
AS?

SUCH
AS--WE HAVE A SUBTLE
ARRAY OF **CHEMICAL** AND
PHEROMONE PRODUCTION
AT OUR DISPOSAL. IN EITHER
DIRECT LIQUID CONTACT
OR AEROSOL
FORM.

WE
CAN CREATE
CONFUSION. BRING
ON **EUPHORIA**
OR SLEEP.



AND
WE CAN BE VERY
PERSUASIVE.



"PERSUASIVE"
HOW?

THIS IS
A **DARK THRONE**
MILITARY INSTALLATION,
POPULATED EXCLUSIVELY BY
HARDENED SOLDIERS AND
ONLY OUR **COLDEST** SCIENTISTS.
NONE OF THESE PEOPLE WILL
BE IMPRESSED BY YOUR
SILVER TONGUE.



WITH
THE RIGHT
COMBINATION OF
PHEROMONES, THEY
WON'T EVEN REALIZE
THEY'RE BEING
CONVINCED.

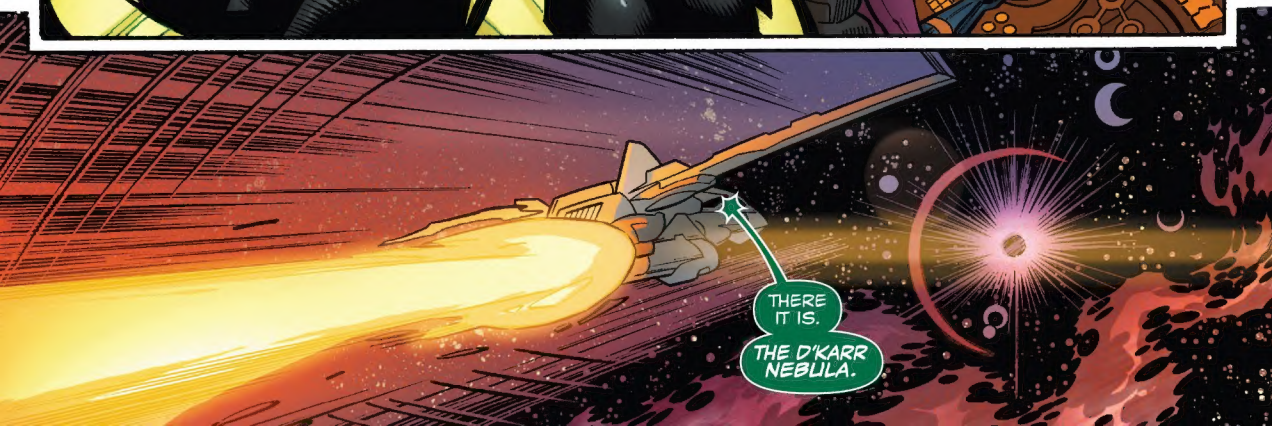


WHY DO
YOU THINK IT IS
YOU DECIDED SO
QUICKLY TO ALLOW
ME TO COME
ALONG?

I DO
NOT LIKE BEING
MANIPULATED, BROCK.
WE ARE ALLIES FOR NOW...



...BUT USE
ANY OF YOUR
ABILITIES ON ME
AGAIN, AND I'LL
SLIT YOUR
THROAT.



THERE
IT IS.
**THE D'KARR
NEBULA.**

"TEL-KAR CAN'T
BE MORE THAN A
FEW HOURS
AHEAD OF US.

"HOPEFULLY, THE
FACILITY'S SECURITY
HAS HELD HIM AT BAY.

"WE JUST HAVE
TO PRAY WE GET
THERE IN *TIME*.

"BECAUSE IF WE DON'T
GET THERE BEFORE *HE*
GETS TO THE WEAPON...

"...IT'S ALL
OVER."

TO BE CONTINUED...



AN  ROBOROS
RELEASE - DCP